

THE

644.V. 15.

11

SMITHFIELD ROSCIAD.

K

Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame,
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter, or offend,
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

POPE.

By the AUTHOR.

L O N D O N,

Printed for the AUTHOR: And Sold by W. FLEXNEY,
near Gray's-Inn-Gate, Holbourn, G. KEARSLY, in Ludgate
Street, and J. COOTE, in Pater-noster-row.

M DCC LXIII.

SMITHFIELD ROSEMARY

Chick of course, not too hard of
Still pleased to print, yet not afraid to print
Averse alike to flatter, or offend
Not free from fault, yet not free from fault



L O N D O N

Printed for the AUTHOR, And Sold by W. LUTHER, near St. Dunstons Church, in Fleet Street, and J. DODD, in Pall Mall.

MDCCLXXII

T H E
SMITHFIELD ROSCIAD.

“ **T** H E world’s a stage” ---so mighty Shakespeare said :
Each frets his hour, and mingles with the dead.---
Some play the higher,---some the lower part,
But his the noblest with an honest heart.

Each hugs himself, and with a partial eye
Here thinks his neighbour low, and there too high :
So far we’re right, as partial to our own,
To make this bitter draught of life go down.

In all employs you’ll find some fools, some knaves,
And men to various passions, various slaves :

2 THE SMITHFIELD ROSCIAD.

STATESMEN, though great in rank, are small in parts,
For diff'rent interests turn their *little* hearts:

But whether always so, or now the vogue,
He with the greatest wit's the greatest rogue:
God help the fool! for what with wit, and lies
He must be caught---when spiders swarm like flies.

These are the parts, and each fulfils the plan,
The wit, the fool, the knave, the honest man;
In each I've play'd, and mark'd the moral page,
Held up the mirrour to a vicious age,
Pointed at vice, and all her bawdy crew,
And wept with Virtue, when she wept for you:
Wish'd from my inmost soul, the parts might please,
And pleasing move, the very wish'd disease.---

Quite weary of my part I quit the stage,
And hope some CANDOUR from a feeling age:
Consign applause to those my labours rear'd,
And in your gen'rous mem'ries---sink---re'er'd.

If

If various servitudes of long grimace,
May, in the public's favour, share a place,
Must I retire unprais'd?---some few there are
Would ever bind me in the comic sphere,
Unfeeling souls, to nature, and to health,
Will burn 'cause GARRICK hath amass'd some wealth :
True he hath some, the very wealth was yours,
For which he gave ye his theatric powers :
“ Pshaw, cries Selinda, should he tho' retire,
“ Till age, or sickness wear him, or we tire ?”
True, he should not,---but now he kindly begs
Your pity Ladies,---whilst he boasts some legs ?
“ Lord adds Miss Pude!---such insolence indeed,
“ Actors like him should by the Town be free'd,”
And so he hopes---and with his errors too,
Which when you mention, pray relate them few ?
All men have more, or less---'tis human lot,
Did even Roscius play without a spot ?
Critics will ever drag those faults to view,
But GARRICK triumphs---when they find them few.

Whole

4 THE SMITHFIELD ROSCIAD.

Whole twenty years I've try'd to please the age,
And rais'd, and left you, what I wish'd, the stage:
Genius, and men in various parts to please,
When GARRICK'S rolling on the Italian seas.
And first permit me---to present the Town
With HOLLAND,---first, and nearest in renown.

HOLLAND advance ;---advance as GARRICK wou'd !
For is not imitation great, when good !
Accept the genius,---for I meant his fame
Should rise superior to the burrow'd flame.

O'Brien next,---for sure O'brien's parts
Have stole some corners, in some ladies hearts ;
A genius blest with every pleasing power,
And form'd for rapture, for one night's amour.
A real ARCHER---there his humour charms,
O ! how he riots in his CHERRY'S arms :
But when he teaches, and she gabbles love,
Maids thrill below, as well as maids above ;

And

And some so pleas'd with Mr. Martin's face,
Would leave off tea,---to be in CHERRY's case.
Can ye dispel the flutter from the breast,
When he *Lord Trincket* enters gaily drest?
Can ye conceal the language of the eye,
And cease to flirt the fan, when he goes by?
Say, would ye speak, if there was room to prove
One *little* fault, against that Man of love?

Tho' void of crimson, if a comic face
May in the public's favour share a place,
KING has some right to praise---yet, still perhaps
You're not so hearty as he merits claps.
It would be tedious to recount th' applause,
His various characters from CANDOUR draws:
Mark in *Love à la Mode*---where, Shuter puffs,
He rides as easy as Sir Archy snuffs.
I have been told---and told without a sneer,
That King's at Plymouth what your Garrick's here:
O! what a proof of taste---a stinking port:
Hold censure---there our men of arms resort:

6 THE SMITHFIELD ROSCIAD.

They spread the truth,---and to the fact they'll swear,
 King shines in *Bobadil*,---and melts in *Lear*:
 In RICHARD, I a little more engross,
 But King is equal---when he bawls---a *horse*.

Palmer hop in,---with thy peculiar air,
 With all thy taste of bag, and solitaire:
 For men must own it, when the Fair allow
 That PALMER is, the tulip of a beau.

Yates, merry man,---to Shuter cannot bow
 Here, in grimace---or in a Smithfield show;
 Nor can ye blame him in domestic life,
 When Major Oakley cures a *jealous wife*:
 Faults he hath some,---but then his humour draws
 The hands of *Gods* to drown them with applause.

E'en nature's errors pass not critics eyes,
 Garrick's too short---and Bransby's out of size.
 Was ever yet one man, without one spot,
 But if a Genius, nine to four, a Sot;

Defect.

Defects in nature are beneath retort,
Tho' Foot drinks claret---by one word---distort.
At real vices let our satire fly,
Nor tell poor DAVIS that he wants an eye.
But touch the man, when affectation draws
Beyond all decency, and Shakespeare's laws :
I well remember both the time, and place,
When this OTHELLO fear'd to spoil that face;
Rejected smut, rejected Shakespeare's scene,
Yet more the *Negro* than if black he'd been.
I did not pass uncensur'd in the part ;
Tho' QUIN was heavy, yet that QUIN was smart :
When mask'd---how like ye GARRICK---how's the play ?
The boy I've seen, but, where's the kettle pray ?
Twelve rising miles remove the fretting scene,
And dare OTHELLO upon Richmond green,
Sneer on the mighty Manager and crew,
And laugh and squall with Mrs. Daly too !
Allow them neither start, nor pause in tune,
Here prove they oh ! too late---there, ah ! too soon.

Beg

Beg Mrs. Lee would not be quite so proud,
Or, 'midst her acting, talk aside---so loud:
Not to forget amidst her regal train,
She's but a Chamber-maid in Drury-lane:
Give Weston merit, for the man hath some,
But beg GREAT Mr. Hayes may still be dumb:
And tho' the former loves a tawdry punk,
The latter, like him, sometimes will get drunk:
Tho' more, perhaps, with vanity than gin,
Hayes cannot act, but still that Hayes can grin:
Allow no merit when the man has none,
In pity still let Dibble's eye alone.
But why so serious---for you love to roast!
Don't Bransby tread too heavy for a ghost?
He does indeed---now I'll allow that fair,
For Ghosts, as shadows, move as light as air:
We'll do our utmost then to melt him down,
And hope he'll move, and fly to please the Town.

How weak is reason, and how blind is man,
When woes, like fogs, obscure his fairest plan:

The

The world declares---that on our stage of strife
D***s is held---the cause a pretty wife :
Talk on vile world---for scandal's never dead ;
But pray be tender of a Beauty's bread ?

Here I defy your arts.---your utmost spleen,
To cast a sneer on Drury's virtuous queen ;
Pritchard, to all the world thy merit's known,
It needs no panegyric to the town.

If form, if beauty, if majestic grace,
If all the powers of eloquence, and face
Attention claim,---'tis CIBBER's ;---who can rage,
In love like her, or who in love assuage ?
In manners easy, in affections fair,
The publick's darling, and the *Soldier's* care.
Were not her merits great, as great their dates,
Some wavering few might be allur'd by YATES,
And be forgiven : for such superior charms
Might draw the desert hermit to her arms,

Might raise,---I dare not say---might even raise
May poles to love,---and kneel to offer praise.

Of Genius lovely offspring,---Palmer rise,
A virtuous form, without the art of eyes :
When wife to SULLEN * proves her wretched fate,
Have you not wish'd those charms a better mate ?
Have you not wish'd in spite, a little sin,
And curs'd poor SCRUB's unlucky coming in ?
Tell me, for I am sure she drew regard,
The GUARDIAN courted by so sweet a WARD.
She wants some feelings, dash'd with sparks of fun,
I would not have her quite so much a nun.

A contrast truly,---here, that truth must fail :
Call HART a nun,---must be offending T***.
'Tis very true, she has but gleams of grace,
But blest with an *endearing*, lasting face.

Here you must be profuse, for thanks are due,
From Seathing-lane, to royal easy Kew :

* BEAUX STRATAGEM.

Strive with your hands assent---for all must strive,
When furly Critics own such praise to CLIVE:
It makes me stare a form so neatly fat,
Should be in motion easy, as in chat,
But there she's CLIVE, without the form of art,
A jolly person, with the jolliest heart.
Pope, on her *bulk* of mirth, hath fairly rais'd
A character, by all admir'd and prais'd:
There can be few who see the lively lass,
But praise the likeness, if they hold the glass:
Mark how the passions of sixteen appear,
When novels wound the heart, and charm the ear;
Could RICHARDSON himself delineate more,
Or gain more praise, than HONEYCOMB hath bore?

If nature, art, and genius can engage
In one united, to adorn a stage,
Let POWEL play :---a person form'd to please,
If stature can with symmetry and ease:
If sense, if manly sense adorns a part,
If features prove the feelings of the heart;

If

If keen expression from the keenest eye,
A voice not smoothly low, nor loudly high
Are own'd the striking graces of the stage,
Let POWEL rise---the Actor of the age.

Besides these Veterans there are still some few,
Just from the nursery come, and *spick, span, new* :
Theatric miracles from Dublin's shore,
To please, alas! when Garrick is no more :
Their names excuse, the bills will timely shew
The Lears, the Richards, that I promise now.

Foot I've engag'd---and part the strolling crew,
Poor Mr. *Sneak*, and Major *Sturgeon* too ;
It needs no recommending,---Foot's *fat flaps*
Will quite obliterate me, with peals of claps :
The Major's battles, and the Major's *cane*,
Will raise the glory of old DRURY-LANE.
Wits swarm like fools, and will invent to please,
When I'm retir'd in hopes of years of ease :

Give

Give me your wishes,---let my wish prevail,
And breathe, ye lovely Fair, an am'rous gale,
Your little sighs I'll drown at White-hall stairs,
And with them bury my theatric cares:
In soft ITALIA search for something new,
And to a gen'rous COUNTRY---bid---Adieu.

LADIES adieu,---adieu ye wits, ye men,
Buskins adieu,---adieu,---*dear* ISLE agen.

But, what a tax is here! and made by those
Who can't experience what themselves impose:
A tax as sour as CYDER's e'er can prove
To those who make it, and to those who love:
"Averse alike to flatter, or offend,"
I must resist? you can't!----then CANDOUR tend?

I only meant before I left the stage
To recommend *my Children* to the age,
Of them, the best:---but now I'm drag'd, and bound
To tread with humbler many SMITHFIELD ground.

Servants must ever bow to higher sway,
And what the Town proposes *must* obey:
This Rich, and Garrick found when mighty B**k,
And mightier yet Fitz---k hot from Cork
Made terms of peace, a kind of terms thought fit
To be approv'd thro' force, and not thro' wit:
Since which, it is resolv'd, and all agree
These Irish Sons shall SMITHFIELD's monarchs be:
Nonsense, and nature plead with truth, that they
Who are the dullest, should invest the sway:
But which the dullest it is hard to swear,
Dull they were born, and they've digress'd with care:
To wit Fitz---k never made pretence,
And B---k ne'er blunder'd into common sense:
Contemptuous blanks, without one single ray,
Without a soul to give the body day:
One huge, one small, both studious of disgrace,
And each a thoughtless, vague, potatoe face:
But blest with that, philosophers have said
Ne'er was, a wond'rous *vacuum* of head:

St. Patrick's self was but a fool to them,
Now stigmatiz'd with name of Gentlemen.

If any man can say, or dare depose
Why these two foes to sense should not be chose;
Let him be dumb, dead, dumb; adopted too
The first dull Booby, to the first dull Two:
Silence profound:---which is, in short, to say
*Nem---con---*and dirty SMITHFIELD feel your sway.

In that wide place where tatter'd ensigns wave,
Where Oxen over drove rebellious rave,
Where Horses whinny, and where Jockeys cheat,
Pigs grunt, Calves bellow, Ewes, and Weathers bleat,
Where stinks engender, houses nod in air,
Where once BARTHOLOMEW prolong'd his Fair,
(Till City Mayors repin'd at SMITHFIELD pride,)
Where riots ripen'd, and where PARROT died..
A Gothic VATICAN of lofty size
Conspicuous stands, and nodding hurts the eyes.

In antient days it might, perhaps, have bore
A martyr's virtues,---now the common where
Lewd revels hold, and gin drunk villains keep
Their crimes from justice, and in darkness sleep:
In this a dull Academy is plac'd,
Which Yates and Shuter many years have grac'd:
Where Kings and Queens are got without a bed,
And taught, to squeak, and squall for paint, and bread:
Where Dancers fit their legs to trip the stage,
And infant Harlots practise to engage:
Here DULLNESS, as a part to all well known
Erected B**k's, and great Fitz---k's throne.

Now strumpet FAME her clarinet had blown
In every hole, and corner of the Town:
“ On such a day, in dullest pomp array'd,
“ Their heavy Coronation should be made:”
From ev'ry part the high and vulgar run,
Some at the setting, some the rising fun:
People of all degrees impatient meet,
From Radcliff-cross, to high South Audley Street:

In

In frocks and bobs, in garters, fwords, and bags,
In wigs, and no wigs,---fattins, filks, and rags,
From Court, from Inns, from pulpits, and from garrets,
On foot, on horse, in carts, in hacks, and chariots;
All eager prefs to see a fight so rare,
A coronation, and Theatric fair.

No Wilton carpets smooth the rugged way,
But various filths unmov'd, collected lay:
Six mealy pastry-cooks first stride along,
Blanching the way with *erſe*, and OSSIAN's song:
Then four theatric Infants next appear,
Holding in effigy the rob'd VOLTAIR.
Like TITTY-DOLL a nightman solus comes
With HOME's works new gilt from Brewhouse bums:
Two heads support two open empty trunks,
With Smollet's hiſt'ry lin'd---for two vile punks:
Six butter boys with each one pound in hand,
Folded in MALLOCK's plays compleat the band:
A whiffing fuburb Grocer next was ſeen,
To light his pipe with Murphy's *Deſart* ſcene:

Sons of the Clergy seven strew the ways,
With Foot's translations of old Moliere's plays :
Love à la mode three high cheek'd Scotsmen bore,
Which as they mov'd they curs'd, and cursing tore :
Mozeen dark Usher came with one white wand,
Love at first sight fill'd up his wooden hand :
Behind him mov'd with soft affected pace
Miss Molly Mattocks with a velvet face,
Quav'ring, and straining out of tune, and rule,
Like Shock when squeezing of his matten stool :
Turn'd as he walk'd, and curs'd his iron fate,
Wishing castration, and Peretti's state :
Who with a bolster'd form, advanc'd in song,
A spontoon scarce so small, nor half so long,
Tenducci he ;---for surely such another,
Was never got by man,---or own'd by mother :
Behind these poor apologies for men
Came flutt'ring Elliot, pretty, wanton Hen,
Dress'd in a dismal crape :---a crimson shame
Declar'd she'd injur'd him who rais'd her fame :

So

So sweet a form drew pity from the mob,
Who prais'd contrition, and gave sob for sob :
One thousand paramours attend her train,
Who from her piercing eye receive disdain.---
Behind this motley crew, COTT--L-- came,
As dead to common sense as dead to fame :
A formal, stooping, stam'ring, hodge-podge thing,
Who Dab-chick like mov'd off on foot, on wing :
Badley, Marr, Burton, Parsons, Watkins, Lee,
Appear'd dull sons of dull tautology :
Fox folly's standard bore,---Strange ruff'd the drum,
And Mrs. Bennet thumb'd---a dull hum-strum :
Behind a shadow of Will Whitehead came,
His left hand held a mug, his right leg lame ;
The other hand the *School for Lovers* spread,
And nodding onions consecrate his head :
Upon each shoulder sat two owls in tears,
The happy omens of some future years ;
The mob the presage mark'd with one huzzai,
The phantom trembled---shrank, and slid away.---

From

From Covent-Garden issu'd *Village Madge*,
 A rural Queen ; and beauty was her badge :
 She, in the Bower of Love a Goddess bred,
 With rapture kindled,---and with pleasure fed :
 Grace of the painted Theatres, the eyes,
 The ears of either sex ; the brave, the wise
 Drink love, drink melody ; confess *my* choice
 The loveliest woman, with the sweetest voice :
 These all, and all that yet the smiling stage
 Adorn, or hath adorn'd in earlier age,
 Wit, beauty, laughter, gaiety, good sense
 Meet in *this* Queen of gentle dalliance.
 HODGE follow'd next, nam'd Dunstall mostly there,
 Mounted on Mother QUICKSETT's * *lame, blind mare*.
 But notwithstanding she was lame, and blind,
 Hid in a bonnet *Deb'rah* † jolts behind :
 High above all on SAMSON's Indian beast,
 B--k and Fitz---k star'd above the rest :

* Love in a Village.

† Mrs. Walker.

In leaden armour back to back they strode,
And on his trunk the batter'd Buckhurst rode;
His torch like HYMEN's blaz'd, he grin'd, he fung,
And peals on bones and cleavers Butchers rung:
Shouts of applause the Vulgar sent abroad,
The Monster rear'd, and shook his leaden load:
Two cringing SCOTSMEN held his flipp'ry tail,
Attentive leering, catching showers of stale:
Could we have fathom'd once the Monster's mind,
He must have deem'd the office most unkind;
Half reasoning nam'd by SENSE 'tween pole and pole,
To be the hack to two,---with none at all.
Dejected thus, the Elephant advanc'd,
Buckhurst his 'bacco chew'd,---the SCOTSMEN pranc'd.
Smart DYER trip'd with various ribbons hung,
And fair Miss HALLAM follow'd, chaste and young:
Ease and good-nature, with unhurtful sport,
Grac'd with peculiar Majesty her port.
And she the Woman, whom sweet *Music* made
T' excel herself,---in lilly white array'd

Sweet Brent! advanc'd, by right a little proud,
 And gentle echo quite inspir'd the croud.
 Nature's dear Darling, and the Summer's pride
 Soft philomel, the softer Vincent's guide,
 On whom, the shade of Gay enraptur'd smil'd,
 Calling her *Polly*, and his own sweet child:
 The two Miss Youngs respectful distance keep:
 And Mrs. Lamp and Jones were seen to weep.
 Hoppkins, and Plim a wantonness express'd,
 The latter like a Captain * sprucely dress'd:
 Buck, Perry, Martin, gabbl'd scraps of plays,
 And Master Matthew's † Ghost appear'd for Hayes:
 Dawson, and Baker next attach'd the throng,
 An hornpipe shuffling, as they trip'd along;
 The neck retorted Nancy must assume,
 And Shuter *squall'd* behind,---as 'Squire Groom ‡.
 Baker a basket bore in Shuter's train,
 And in it peep'd the gentle Miss Cockain;

* The Deuce is in him.

† Every man in his humour.

‡ Love à la mode.

Bradshaw supinely smil'd, and rode a-stride,
And Wilford danc'd before the kind Miss Bride :
Ten brooms revers'd, ten ragged sweepers bear,
As many snuffers glitter in their rear :
A brazen trumpet echo'd through the course,
And Catlee smil'd upon a pye-ball'd Horse,
In robes of silver, and as fair as milk,
And flutt'ring half in air on wings of filk :
The wanton mob, the little wanton hail !
Whilst tall Sir Whiffle kifs'd her horse's floating tail.
Mills fancy's standard bore, with martial grace,
And Miles, and Rooker follow'd face to face,
Plac'd on an Ostrich ; which a sailor led,
And Mr. Weller flam'd the fool in Red :
Pantomime figures thousands next are brought,
And Mrs. Dyer gallop'd on a goat,
With all that beauty, gaiety, and air,
That forms a face superlatively fair :
She fair, she kind, most fair, most kind, she's known,
The wish, the toast, the passion of the Town.

Legions.

Legions of various colour'd imps advance.
Furies in painted fire rise up and dance:
Led on by LEG;---the grisly King of fire
Thrice wav'd his fork, and thrice the fiends jump'd higher:
In dull sepulchral notes the Devil groan'd,
In answer Proserpine as sweetly moan'd:
Miller, far fairer than fair Enna's Miss,
First pluck'd, a plucking flowers by lustful Dis*:
Say?---may a poet dare to tempt the shore,
And try to win what Orpheus lost of yore!
More gay, more kind, more sweet, than all He said,
In pleasure fashion'd, and in beauty bred.
Ten Cattle Drivers next, with ten short sticks,
In grease, and various clouts, shew various tricks:
Two Chimney-sweepers with a foot-charg'd ass,
With WHITE, and CLARK at top supinely pass:
A phalanx thick of Bill-stickers appear'd,
High on their poles, the *Mayor of Garrat* rear'd:

* Pluto ravished Proserpine in the garden of Enna.

Behind creep'd four supporting of a butt,
And in it brazen'd Proteus Sammy Foot :
“ Now, now you see me, now, you see me not,”
A Bawd, a Major, Auctioneer, a Sot :
The mob enrag'd, to see themselves in mask,
A Cooper sent, and headed up the cask :
Whitfield ne'er gave the Genius such a rub,
They cheer'd the conquest---and they ston'd the tub.
Faulkner elated glory'd in his shame ;
And run, forgetting that he had been lame.
Twelve Hatters next proceed of ebon hue,
And Dib--e on a Cow look'd all a-skew :
His left hand held, and shook her dirty tail,
His right bore up a mug of potent ale :
Perch'd on his head the Queen of dullness stood ;
And burst at last in this maternal mood.
“ My Son, my darling Son, dear Dib--e thee,
“ Murd'rer of comic prose, and poetry :
“ Long may'st thou reign a PRINCE, my dear first born,
“ To sense a foe, of RHETORIC the scorn :

H

Thou

- “ Thou art my own dull blood, dull perfect clay,
“ What need have we of art, of nature say?
“ Ambition spurn, if to it sense must steer,
“ In all be dull, and stupidly severe:
“ Let others soar for Fame, learn thou of me
“ Deeds of no import, Prince of Ribaldry:
“ To impudence, and ignorance make pretence,
“ And boast no ray of wit, no ray of sense;
“ Let others toil, and fret upon the stage,
“ To pump the laughter of a frantic age:
“ Let Powell charm, and feed on Euology,
“ Rise thou superior in Tautology:
“ As Col’nel Tamper let O’Brien please,
“ Replete with perfect humour, perfect ease;
“ O! let him boast, “ he’s all the Town can hope,”
“ And equall’d only by *Amelia* * Pope.
“ Let King by *gabbling* with peculiar art,
“ Make hands declare the feelings of the heart:

* Characters in the *Deuce is in him*.

“ Let them be fam’d in all the rings of mirth,

“ Only inferior to the AUTHOR’S worth :

“ Still let it be thy study, and thy aim,

“ To swerve from merit, quite absolv’d by FAME :

“ Resolv’d, and steady, of thy MOTHER full,

“ Impenetrably thick,---and obstinately dull :

“ Above all Dunces,---yet beneath all MEN ;”

She paus’d.-----and ready thousands cry’d AMEN.

Then from her son she flew,----beneath a Group

Of Fiends, of Genii tumbl’d from her hoop :

Scoffing Scurrility, Contempt, Excess,

Folly, Jest, Impudence, and Emptiness :

In Mock’ry’s hands pontific Miters shone,

She follow’d DULLNESS to Fitz---k’s THRONE.

Where, when great Dullness saw her chosen pair,

Her fogs encreas’d, and dens’d the caseing air :

Her ample Visage fill’d the ample place,

And dripping mists dilate her dripping face :

Raptur’d she gaz’d around the vaulted DOME,

And gave the Two a welcome to her home.

THE SMITHFIELD ROSCIAD.

The Goddeſs then o'er each anointed head,
 The weeping juice of ſolemn onion ſhed;
 Then thrice ſhe groan'd!--the Fiends thrice groan'd again!
 All hail! all hail! all hail! the promis'd reign:
 The fogs encreas'd--the Goddeſs ſpoke no more,
 B---k, and Fitz---k,---Sons of SMITHFIELD roar.---
 Seats, ſcaffolds, benches, rails, gave crack for crack,
 Some lam'd, ſome beat, ſome bruis'd, came limping back.



IN THE

776

776

776

